

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Gazette will be published every Thursday
the following terms:
One year in advance, including postage, \$1.00
After the expiration of the first month, \$2.00
For less than one year, at the rate of \$1.00
per annum, but no subscription will be received
for less than one month.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
We are prepared to execute all descriptions of
JOB WORK, such as CARDS, CIRCULARS, POS-
TERS, BALL TICKETS, and every other variety of
PLAIN AND FANCY JOB, with new and super-
ior type, and on short notice.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

**John of Fairfield County, First Court—P. VAN
TRUMP, Resident, Lancaster, Ohio.**
**Probate Judge—JESSE LEONHART, Office in Pub-
lic Building.**
Prosecuting Attorney—TALL SLOUGH.
Recorder—JAMES MILLER, Office at the Jail.
**County Clerk—JESSE VANDEMARK, Office Pub-
lic Building.**
**Assessor—WILLIAM ROBINSON, Office, Public
Building.**
**Treasurer—BEATMAN BEATTY, Office, Public
Building.**
**Recorder—TIMOTHY FISHER, Office, Public
Building.**
Surveyor—E. L. HANUM, Office, Public Building.
**Comptroller—MICHAEL MORRIS, Office, Amos
Tavern.**
**Commissioner—JOEL SHEPHERD, of Madison town-
ship; HENRY ALPHEUS, of Greenfield township;
and JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM, of Rocking Top.
Said Commissioners will meet on the 1st of
MAY, at 10 o'clock, at the Court House, in
Lancaster, Ohio.**

THE RETURNED VETERANS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I saw the soldiers come to-day
From battle-field afar;
No conqueror rode before their way
On his triumphal car.
But Captain, like themselves, on foot,
And banners rally torn,
All grandly equipped, though maimed,
In pride and glory borne.

Those banners, soiled with dirt and smoke,
And rent by shot and shell,
That through the crowded phalanx broke—
What terrors could they tell!
What tales of sudden pain and death
In every cannon's boom,
When even the bravest held his breath,
And waited for his doom.

By hands of steel those flags were waved
Above the carnage dire,
Almost destroyed, yet always saved,
"Mid battle clouds and fire,
Though down at times, still up they rose
And waved the breeze again,
Proud tokens to the rebel foes
Of true and loyal men.

And here the true and loyal men
Those banners proudly bore;
The banners which the foe then scorned,
And which the cynics, where
With decimated ranks they come,
And through the crowded streets
March to the beating of the drum
With firm, though weary feet.

God bless the soldiers' cry the folk
Whose banners of welcome wait;
God bless the banners, black with smoke,
And torn by shot and shell!
They should be hung on sacred shrines,
Beside the nation's flag,
And live embalmed in poetry's lines,
Through all succeeding years.

No grander trophies could be brought
From patriot side to foe;
Of glorious battles such a thought,
Brave deeds so truly true,
Foster, brave, closed down with pride,
And solemn joy to see
Those remnants from the bloody tide,
Of victory!

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Washington correspondent of
Lippard's paper, the "Quaker City,"
gives the following account of a re-
markable dream of John C. Calhoun's.
We have not much faith in supernatu-
ral appearances, or in Washington
correspondents, but if anything could
lead to the ghost of the "Father of his
Country" to revisit the realms beneath
the moon, it would be the thought
that his beloved country was in dan-
ger of Disunion. We give the story
for what it is worth:

Mr. Editor:—The other morning,
at the breakfast table, our friend,
Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very
much troubled and out of spirits. You
know he is altogether a venerable man,
with a hard, stern Scotch-Irish face,
softened in its expression around the
mouth by a sort of sad smile, which
wins the hearts of all who converse
with him. His hair is snow-white.
He is tall, thin, and angular. He re-
minds you very much of Old Hickory.
That he is honest, no one doubts, but
he has sacrificed to his fatalism the
brightest hopes of political advance-
ment—has offered up on the shrine of
that iron Necessity which he worships
all that can excite ambition—even the
Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morn-
ing, at the breakfast table, where I, an
unobserved spectator, happened to be
present, Calhoun was observed to gaze
frequently at his right hand, and
brush it with his left, in a nervous
and hurried manner. He did this so
frequently that it excited attention.
At length one of the persons compos-
ing the breakfast party—his name, I
think, is Tombes, and he is a member
of Congress from Georgia—took upon
himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Cal-
houn's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he ask-
ed.
"To this Calhoun replied in rather a
hurried manner—"Pah! It is nothing.
Only a dream which I had last
night, and makes me see perpetually
a large black spot—like an ink spot—
on the back of my right hand." An
optical delusion, I suppose.

Of course, these words excited the
curiosity of the company, but no one
ventured to beg the details of the sin-
gular dream, until Tombes asked, quic-
kly—"What was your dream like?"

"I am not very superstitious about dreams,
but sometimes they have a good deal
of truth in them."
"But this was such a peculiarly ab-
surd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again
brushing the back of his right hand—
"however, it does not too much in-
trude upon the time of our friends. I
will relate it."

The company were profuse in their
expressions of anxiety to know all
about the dream. In this singularly
sweet voice Mr. Calhoun related it:

The Lancaster Gazette.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 4. NO. 48.

LANCASTER, OHIO, FEB. 25, 1864.

Established 1826.

"At a late hour last night, as I was
sitting in my room, engaged in writ-
ing, I was astonished by the entrance
of a visitor, who entered without a
word, and took a seat opposite me, at
my table. This surprised me, as I had
given particular orders to the servant,
that I should on no account be distur-
bed. The manner in which the intru-
der entered, so perfectly self-possessed,
taking his seat opposite to me, with-
out a word, as though my room and all
within it belonged to him, excited in
me as much surprise as indignation—
As I raised my head to look into his
features over my shaded lamp, I dis-
covered that he was wrapped in a thin
cloak, which effectually concealed his
features from my view. And as I
raised my head he spoke—

"What are you writing, Senator
from South Carolina?"

"I did not think of his impertinence
at first, but answered him involuntarily:

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolu-
tion of the American Union, (you
know, gentlemen, that I am expected
to produce a plan of Dissolution in the
event of certain contingencies.)"

"To this the intruder replied, in the
coolest manner possible—

"Senator from South Carolina, will
you allow me to look at your right
hand?"

He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld
his face. The features, the sight of that
face struck me like a thunder-clap—
It was the face of a dead man, whom
extraordinary events have called back
to life. The features were those of
George Washington, yes, gentlemen,
the intruder was none other than
GEORGE WASHINGTON. He was dressed
in the Revolutionary costume, such
as you see preserved in the Patent Of-
fice."

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, appar-
ently much agitated. His agitation, I
need not tell you, was shared by the
company. Tombes at length broke the
embarrassing pause. "Well, w-e-l-l,
what was the issue of this scene?"

Mr. Calhoun resumed—

"This intruder, I have said, rose and
asked to look at my right hand. As
though I had not the power to refuse,
I extended it. The truth is, I felt a
strange chill pervade me at his touch;
he grasped it, and held it near the
light, thus affording me full time to
examine every feature of his face. It
was the face of Washington. Gentle-
men, I shuddered as I beheld the hor-
rible dead-alive look of that visage—
After holding my hand steadily for a
moment, he looked at me steadily, and
said in a quiet way—

"And with this right hand, Senator
from South Carolina, you would sign
your name to a paper, declaring the
Union dissolved?"

"I answered in the affirmative.
Yes, said I, if a certain contingency
arises, I will sign my name to the De-
claration of Dissolution. But at this
moment, a black blotch appeared on
the back of my hand; an ink blotch,
which I seem to see even now. 'What
is that?' cried I, alarmed. I knew not
why, at the blotch upon my hand.

"That," said he, dropping my hand,
is the mark by which Benedict Arnold
is known in the next world."

"He said no more, gentlemen, but
drew from beneath his cloak an object
which he placed on my table—upon
the very paper upon which I was writ-
ing. That object, gentlemen, was a
skeleton."

"There," said he, "there are the
bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung
in Charleston by the British. He gave
his life to establish the Union. When
you put your name to the Declaration
of Dissolution, you may as well have
the bones of Isaac Hayne before you.
He was a South Carolinian and so are
you! But there was no blotch on his
right hand!"

"With these words the intruder left
the room. I started back from con-
tact with the dead man's bones, and
awoke! Overcome by labor, I had
fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was
it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered, "sing-
ular, very singular," at the same time
looking rapturously at the back of
his right hand; and Mr. Calhoun, plac-
ing his hand beneath his hands, seem-
ed buried in thought.

Dickens on Thackeray—A Gracious and
Touching Tribute.

The following tribute to the memory
of Thackeray, by Charles Dickens, ap-
pears in the February number of the
Cornhill Magazine.

"It has been desired by some of the
personal friends of the great English
writer who established this magazine,
that its brief record of his having been
stricken, from among men, should
be written by the old comrade and
brother-in-arms who pens these lines,
and of whom he often wrote himself,
and always with the warmest generos-
ity."

"I saw him first, nearly twenty
eight years ago, when he proposed to
become the illustrator of my earliest
book. I saw him last, shortly before
Christmas, at the Athenaeum Club,
when he told me that he had been in-
bed three days—that after these at-
tacks, he was troubled with cold shiver-
ing, which quite took the power of
work out of him—and that he had had
in his mind to try a new remedy,
which he laughingly described. He
was very cheerful, and looked very
bright. In the night of that day week
he died."

"The long interval between those
two periods is marked in my remem-
brance of him by many occasions when
he was supremely humorous, when he
was irresistibly extravagant, when he
was softened and serious, when he was
charming with children. But by none

do I recall him more tenderly than
by two or three that start out of the
crowd, when he unexpectedly present-
ed himself in my room, announcing
how that some passage in a certain
book had made him cry yesterday,
and how that he had come to dinner,
"because he couldn't help it," and
must talk some passage over. No
one can ever have seen him more gen-
eral, natural, cordial, fresh and honest-
impulsive than I have seen him at
those times. No one can be surer than
I of the greatness and goodness of the
heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion—
I thought that he too much feigned a
want of earnestness, and that he made
a pretense of undervaluing his art,
which was not good for the art that he
held in trust. But when he fell upon
these topics it was never very gravely,
and I have a lively image of him in
my mind, twisting both his hands in
his hair, and stamping about, laugh-
ing to make an end of the discussion.

"When we were associated in re-
membrance of the late Mr. Douglas
Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture
in London, in the course of which he
read his very best contribution to
Punch, describing the grown-up career
of a poor family of young children—
No one hearing him could have doubt-
ed his natural gentleness, or his thor-
oughly unaffected manly sympathy
with the weak and lowly. He read
the paper most pathetically, and with
a simplicity of tenderness that certain-
ly moved one of his audience to tears.

This was presently after his standing
for Oxford, from which place he had
dispatched his agent to me, with a
droll note (to which he afterward ad-
ded a verbal postscript) urging me to
come down and make a speech, and
tell them who he was, for he doubted
whether more than two of the electors
had ever heard of him, and he thought
there might be as many as six or eight
who had heard of me. He introduced
the lecture just mentioned, with a re-
ference to his late electioneering failure,
which was full of good sense, good spir-
its and good humor.

"He had a particular delight in boys
and an excellent way with them. I re-
member his once asking me with fan-
tastic gravity, when he had been to
Eton, where my eldest boy then was,
whether I felt as he did in regard of
never seeing a boy without wanting in-
stantly to give him a sovereign. I
thought of this when I looked down
into his grave, after he was laid there,
for I looked down into it over the
shoulder of a boy to whom he had
been kind."

"These are slight remembrances; but
it is to little familiar things, suggestive
of the voice, look, manner, never more
to be encountered on this earth, that
the mind first turns in a bereave-
ment. And greater things that are
known of him, in the way of his warm
affections, his quiet endurance, his un-
selfish thoughtfulness for others, and
his munificent hand, may not be told.

"If, in the reckless vivacity of youth,
his satirical pen had ever gone astray,
or done amiss, he had caused it to pre-
fer its own petition for forgiveness
long before."

"I've written the blindest copy of his hand,
The blindest that striking back again."
The little word that he'd wish back again."

"In no pages should I take it upon
myself at this time to discourse of his
books, of his refined knowledge of char-
acter, of his subtle acquaintance with
the weakness of human nature, of his
delightful playfulness, as an essayist,
of his quaint and touching ballads,
of his mastery over the English language.
Least of all, in these pages, enriched
by his brilliant qualities from the sa-
ties, and beforehand accepted by the
public through the strength of his
great name."

"But, on the table before me, there
lies all he had written of his latest and
last story. That it would be sad to
any one—that it is inexplicably so to
a writer—in its evidences of matured
designs never to be completed, of care-
ful preparation for long roads of
thought that he was never to traverse,
and for shining goals that he was never
to reach, will be readily believed—
The pain, however, that I have felt in
perusing it has not been deeper than
the conviction that he was in the
healthiest vigor of his powers when he
wrought on this last labor. In re-
spect of earnest feeling, far-seeing pur-
pose, character, incident, and a cer-
tain loving picturesqueness blending
the whole, I believe it to be much the
best of all his works. That he fully
meant it to be so, that he had become
strongly attached to it, and that he be-
lieved every page upon it, I trace in
almost every paragraph. It contains one
picture which must have cost him ex-
treme distress, and which is a master-
piece. There are two children in it,
touched with a hand as loving and
tender as ever a father caressed his
little child with. There is some young
love, as pure and innocent and pretty
as truth. And it is very remark-
able that, by reason of the singular
construction of the story, more than
one main incident usually belonging
to the end of such a fiction is anticipat-
ed in the beginning, and thus there is
an approach to completeness in the
fragment, as to the satisfaction of the
reader's mind concerning the most in-
teresting persons, which could hardly
have been better attained if the writ-
er's breaking off had been foreseen."

The last line he wrote, and the
last proof he corrected, are among
these papers through which I have so
sorrowfully passed my way. The con-
struction of the little pages of manuscript
which he had written, his hand shows
that he had carried them about, and
often taken them out of his pocket
here and there, for patient revision

and interlineation. The last words
he corrected in print were, "And my
heart throbbed with an exquisite
bliss." God grant that on that Christ-
mas eve, when he laid his head back
upon his pillow, and threw up his arms
as he had been wont to do when very
weary, some consciousness of duty
done and Christian hope throughout-
humbly cherished, may have caused
his own heart to throbb, when he
passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

"He was found peacefully lying as
above described, composed, undisturb-
ed, and to all appearance asleep, on
the 24th day of December, 1863. He
was only in his fifty-third year—so
young a man that the mother who
blessed him in his first sleep blessed
him in his last. Twenty years before
he had written, after being in a white
quill:

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
Come blustering over the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waiting,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me!"

"Those little girls had grown to be
women when the mournful day broke
that saw their father lying dead. In
those twenty years of companionship
with them, they had learned much from
him; and one of them has a literary
career before her worthy of her famous
name."

"On the bright wintry day, the last
but one of the old year, he was laid
in his grave at Kensal Green, there to
niggle the dust to which the mortal
part of him had returned, with that of
a third child, lost in her infancy, years
ago. The heads of a great company
of his fellow-workers in the arts, were
bowed around the tomb."

Important Orders—Ohio Military Sta-
tion to be Collected.

GEN. L. H. DAVIS, STATE OF OHIO,
Adjutant General's Office,
Columbus, Feb. 19, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

For the purpose of preserving in
this Department an accurate and com-
plete record of all Ohio troops in the
United States service, the command-
ing officer of each regiment, battalion
or independent company, will cause
to be returned to this office, on the 1st
of March, 1864, or as soon thereafter
as circumstances will permit:

I. A complete muster-roll of their
command, showing the names of all
the men who have been connected
with the command since its original
organization, when, where, and by
whom enlisted and mustered into ser-
vice, together with a list of casualties,
showing deaths, discharges, (giving
date and cause of each death and dis-
charge), desertions, promotions, cap-
tures by the enemy, transfers and dis-
missals, with dates of each, and to
what organization transferred. Also,
a record of events which may be nec-
essary or useful for future reference at
this Department, or for present infor-
mation, embracing actions in which
the command, or any portion of it, has
been engaged, scouts, marches, exan-
ges of stations, and everything of in-
terest relating to the discipline, effi-
ciency or service of the command, with
dates, place, distances marched, &c. &c.

II. On the first day of each succeed-
ing month a report of the strength of
the command, giving number of men
for duty, and aggregate number pres-
ent and absent on the day preceding
the date of the report. The monthly
report will also embrace a roster of
sergeants, giving date of enlistment
and date of appointments; names of
all recruits joined, together with list
of casualties which have occurred since
date of last report. The casualties
will embrace all occurrences called
for in part I. of this order. Also, the
record of events, (as in part I.) which
have occurred since last report.

III. Names of sergeants and com-
missioned officers absent from their
commands, cause of absence, date of
return to duty. If officers are absent
from their commands on detached
service, the report will show whether
or not such absence was at their own
request.

In making the above reports, it is
important that the station of the com-
mand at the date of the report be dis-
tinctly shown.

The ordinary "muster roll" will
serve for the report to be rendered on
the 1st of March, using the column of
"Remarks" for casualties, &c.; and for
the succeeding monthly reports, suit-
able blanks will be provided from this
Department.

By order of the Governor,
B. R. COWAN,
Adjutant General of Ohio.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:

A Mr. Chase, of Iowa, who has been
two years in California and Idaho, re-
ports that the gold mines of the for-
mer State are more rich than those of
the latter; that the mines of Idaho oc-
cupy a very limited space and are
poor at that; and that the hue and
cry about the rich mines of that coun-
try is raised by speculators. He esti-
mates that there are now in the Terri-
tory upward of thirty thousand men
engaged in mining. The price of liv-
ing is exorbitant, the climate cold, and
the obstacles in the way of achieving
a fortune greater than in the States—
We have cautioned those who have
been dazzled by accounts of the enor-
mous gold resources of Idaho to look
at the other side before determining
to abandon pursuits that may yield
but a scanty profit, to chase a gilded
phantom through the wilderness.

The Malden Murderer—His Confession.

Edward W. Green, the postmaster
at Malden, Mass., arrested for the
murder of young Converse and rob-
bery of the Malden bank, has been
fully committed for trial. The confes-
sion is one of the most remarkable in
the history of crime. Green it appears
(who is only 27 years of age) had al-
ways borne an excellent character pre-
viously, and has a wife and an infant
child to share his degradation. It ap-
pears he was heavily in debt, and had
lately paid several of his creditors,
principally in Malden bank bills. The
Boston papers after giving the par-
ticulars of his arrest, add the fol-
lowing:

Although Green does not seem to
have been an influential man in the
town, the office of Postmaster having
been obtained for him more on account
of his needy circumstances and well-
known respectability of his family than
for any other reason; he possessed the
confidence of the citizens and was con-
sidered a worthy man. There were
some who thought he was given a lit-
tle too much to riding and similar lux-
uries, generally considered to be be-
yond the reach of young men with
small incomes; but his honesty and up-
rightness were not questioned. He
married a little over a year ago a
young lady from one of the most re-
spectable families of the place, who
bore him a child on the 25th of De-
cember, ten days after the murder was
committed.

About a year since he was found to
be in arrears in his Postoffice accounts
and his removal was determined upon
by the Postoffice Department in con-
sequence, but through the intercession
of his friends he was retained, and the
circumstances were not generally
known in town. This indebtedness,
which he afterwards met, together
with other debts which were weighing
on his income from the postoffice being
insufficient for the support of himself
and family, doubtless prompted him
by the commission of the double crime
with which he now stands charged—
The murder of young Converse and the
robbery of the bank are not the only
crimes, however, that he has commit-
ted.

He stated that on the day of the
murder he visited the bank twice; the
first time he found there a conductor,
who left a pair of skates; the next
was at half past eleven. Immediately
on entering he went to the directors'
room, and seeing no one, he drew his
pistol—a six-barrelled Smith & Wesson
revolver—placing the muzzle within a
foot of young Converse's head and fir-
ed, the ball taking effect under or back
of his ear. He instantly discharged a
second barrel, the ball taking effect in
Converse's temple, while his victim lay
on the floor. After the consummation of
the deed he seized the bills in the
drawer, about five thousand dollars,
and went to his own office.

Green was employed last year by
the school committee to buy some school
books, and received some \$500 from
the town for the purpose. Instead of
expending this money as it was inten-
ded, however, he appropriated it to his
own use, doubtless paying the defi-
ciency in his postoffice account with a
portion of the sum. He had no means
of supplying the deficiency, and as the
year was drawing to a close and his
defalcation was more than ever
likely to be found out, he was led to
the commission of other and darker
crimes.

On the night of the first of Novem-
ber last, the postoffice building was set
on fire and a portion destroyed, and
on Monday Green confessed that he
was the incendiary. The confession
was made to Gresham L. Fall, Esq., of
Malden, (one of his bondsmen as post-
master), who visited him while he was
confined in the Tombs. Mr. Fall in-
terrogated him relative to the matter,
and Green freely acknowledged his
guilt, stating in answer to Mr. Fall's
questions, that he had used the money
entrusted to him by the town to sup-
ply the deficiency in his postoffice ac-
counts, that he had set fire to the post-
office building to cover up this affair,
and thus clear himself of any blame,
and that failing in these designs, he
murdered young Converse and robbed
the bank. The fire was in the upper
part of the building; in a room occu-
pied by the Bell Rock Lodge of Good
Templars as a wardrobe and library
room, and the flames had made such
headway when discovered that the
roof was destroyed, but the exertions
of the firemen added to the facilities of
obtaining water, prevented the fire
from reaching the lower story, where
the post office is situated.

When arraigned on Monday on a
charge of murder and robbery, he
pleaded "not guilty" in a treacherous voice;
and to the charge of setting fire to the
postoffice building, he answered "guil-
ty."

Two or three years since the post-
office was robbed and the rifled letters
were found a day or two after on a
post by the road between the postoffice
and Green's house. No intelligence
was ever obtained of the robber, but
now suspicions are excited that the
postmaster himself was the perpetra-
tor of the crime.

CONJUGAL MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—In
the Royal Library of Paris, is a writ-
ten contract, drawn up in 1297, be-
tween two persons of noble birth in
Aragon. The document bound the
husband and wife to faithful wedlock
for seven years. It stipulated that
the parties should have a right to re-
new the tie at the end of that time if
they mutually agreed, but if not, the
children were to be equally divided;
and if the number should chance not
to be even, they were to draw lots for
the odd one.

The Routes to Idaho.

The information we have published
relative to Idaho, has awakened lively
interest in various quarters, and con-
siderable inquiry is consequently made
as to the several routes conducting to
that land of promise.

It desirous of taking the land route
for passengers, in destination from the
one for wagon trains, the traveler
should first proceed by rail to Atchison,
which is three hundred and ten miles
from St. Louis. From Atchison a stage
coach starts daily for Salt Lake City,
a distance of twelve hundred and forty-
five miles, usually made in about
fourteen days. The coach goes by day
and night, and the speed varies, of
course, with the condition of the roads.
An express line from Salt Lake City
takes the traveler, in twelve days, to
Virginia City, Idaho. The time seldom
less.

They who choose the wagon train
route should go first to Omaha where
the trains start for Laramie, and should
there take either the old Oregon Emi-
grant Road, or Lander's Cut Off Road,
the latter being considerably shorter.

Taking the former may diverge from
it by what is called the Soda Spring
City Road, and this course is consid-
ered about as economical of time and la-
bor as the "Cut Off." The route leads
to Snake river, where the crossing is
at what is called Mix's Old Ferry. The
old emigrant road, leading nearly
north, slightly varying to the east, is
then followed to the Red Rock Divide.

After the crossing of this stream, the
road forks, one branch leading to Vir-
ginia City, and the other to Hannock.
By this route the time of travel from
Omaha is seldom, if ever less than
ninety days, and may extend to five,
or even six months.

The river route to Fort Benton, on
the Missouri, occupies forty or fifty
days, under ordinary circumstances.
Thence there are two routes, by
land of course. One is the Govern-
ment land route, by Lieutenant Mull-
en, the "Mullen road." This takes
the traveler one hundred and eighty
miles to Deer Lodge, whence he has
to proceed one hundred and sixty miles
further, by direct and plain road, to
Bannock or Virginia City, each being
about equally distant from Deer
Lodge. The second road from Fort
Benton is, first to Gallatin City, at the
"Three Forks of the Missouri," one
hundred and fifty miles from Fort Ben-
ton. Thence a wagon road of sixty
miles terminates at Virginia City,
or the same point can be reached on
horseback, by trail, forty-five miles.

On the "long stretches" of the land
routes no settlements are met with, but
there is an abundance of water, wood
and grass for stock, and good camping
ground.

Trains of wagons should not start
before 4 April.

Additional information will proba-
bly reach us in relation to the subject,
and will promptly be given to our read-
ers. —[Missouri Democrat.]

The Female Temper.

We like to see a woman of spirit and
life; for a dull, supine, prosy woman
is a poor affair indeed. And we have
no particular objection to seeing the
sparks flying occasionally, when some-
thing really stirring occurs. We like
to see her joyful and lively; and if she
has a little spice of waggery, we can
put up with it very well; nay, we like
it all the better. But a cross, sour tem-
per we